UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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"The day of days, the great day of the feast of life, is that in which the inward eye opens to the Unity in things, to the omnipresence of law."—*Emerson.*

In our "greeting," a few weeks ago, it was said that the better Unitarians to-day had returned "to the root of the word, in which its historic meaning and real spirit lie," and stand not so much for any special theology as for "the *unity* of all religions and of the race." And now Edward Everett Hale writes to W. C. Gannett that, in the idea of union and unity among men, rather than in any theological doctrine, was the actual origin of the name. Referring to an old historian, who states that "from the union of the Reformed churches of all parties" in Poland, "they were called *Uniti* or *Unitarii*," Mr. Hale says this etymology of the name "is probably true; that Unitarians were people who believed in what you and I call 'Unity.'" He writes further that Unitarians "have always said that the doctrine of the unity of God was of no account unless men would hold to the unity of mankind." We take the liberty to print the letter in another column.

Dr. Talmage is not hopelessly heterodox yet. In his Easter sermon, picturing the resurrection of the body, he said: "Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, as all its dead kings and orators and poets get up. The country grave-yard will look like a rough plowed field as the mounds break open." A little before, in a sermon telling all about heaven, he said "the dress of the glorified will be white robes," and "the favorite song of heaven will be salvation through the blood of the Lamb." Alluding to a theory that mathematics will be studied in heaven, he said, "I never liked mathematics, and if I thought they would study mathematics I wouldn't want to go there." We hope the Doctor will not stay away on that account. From the saints who are saved by the trinitarian formula (3 x 1=1), not much will be expected in the mathematical line.

C. A. Bartol gave better Easter thoughts in his paper on John Weiss, in the *Unitarian Review*: "His soul had no gradations of decline. It was untouched by decay. He did not die, but disappeared." "Nothing is left of the forms which turn to the ashes of which they are made. But something remains,—truth remains, God remains, heaven remains, love remains for the one so dear; and if we have ever loved, we know that love is unquenchable by all the waters that flow through the dark valley and shadow of death." "No crape trailed, the day of his funeral, on the bell-handle at the door of his house. On the mourners of the household hung no heavy weeds to offend his life-long and forcibly expressed distaste for such wearing of black. The room seemed so full of him that all the rest of us were present but as to listen to what he might have to say more for the freedman, for woman." "Hero and martyr, he told me he hoped to be restored for further toil, and meant to carry the flag straight to the end. Is he not color-bearer still?"

Rev. B. Mills (Presbyterian), of Shelbyville, Ill., in attacking Mr. Douthit for his pamphlet on "the Creeds or Christ," says the Westminster Confession of Faith will "be believed and comfort the Presbyterian people of God, for at least four hundred years after you are dead." We suspect Mr. Mills has made an error in his computation and fixed the figures too high. Still there may be retired places where this Confession, which teaches that most of the race "shall be cast into eternal torments," shall be left to "*comfort* the Presbyterian people of God" even into the twenty-third century.

James Parton still holds "the coming man will have religion; otherwise he need not come. So long as life is life, the virtuous portion of the race will need to act in concert, to cherish and warn each other." Nor will the coming man dispense with Sundays and preachers. "To religion," he says, "we owe the immeasurable blessing of Sunday. It is the best thing a man has got—ten years in a lifetime of seventy years snatched from the grind of daily toil; and the religion of the future must preserve it. Ralph Waldo Emerson came from ancestors who were clergymen after clergymen, and there must be something good in a thing that could pro-

duce such a result." But "the coming man must form an organization of rational preachers, not those who devote their lives to a study of the politics, geology and theology of an insignificant province in Asia." The coming religion must also induce "a higher morality than the Christian religion has inculcated. Any man who leads a clean life at home and abroad is a better man than any mere Christian. The great triumph is to produce valuable men." Finally, there "must be a glorious revival of man's love for man. Religion is now disunited. The rich man goes to his big cathedral, the poor man to another place of worship. But let us help ourselves and one another. That is the whole of the coming man's religion." Here is a phrase worth remembering: religion is to "help ourselves and one another."

E. P. Powell, in an article in the *Christian Register* on "Saving Faith," writes: "Distrust—a lack of faith—has charged the future with frightful prodigies, judgment-days, impending disaster to the soul, and fearful, hopeless doom. Jesus sweeps away the whole of this with the one word *faith*. Believe in a decent, well-meant, well-administered moral government, as you believe in benevolent physical government. God is one. He rules both sides of the grave with equal tenderness. This is the one single power of the Galilean teacher: indifference to temples and sacrifices, a secular use of the Sabbath, contempt for the whole priestly routine of salvation, but childlike trust in God—*faith*. Confucius teaches confidence in duty done; Buddha, in yourself; Jesus, in the Supreme. Unfortunately, the history of Christianity has been mainly a suppression of the principle of its founder. It has been the history of distrust and fear, of terror and hells. Let to-morrow take care of the things of to-morrow. God, who cares for the sparrow, will much more care for you. Right or wrong, Jesus emphatically advises, not the suspension of any industry, but to work in the spirit of undisturbed confidence."

An honest and truthful man near Baltimore, recently dying, ordered in his will that at his funeral he should have "a plain shroud; no flowers; no mock display; no services in a church; no mark where he was buried, unless some child or children should be moved to place one there; no mourning garments for his family, as he was 'persuaded this has become a solemn mockery;' and no eulogies over his remains. 'If there was one trait of my character,' he said, 'worthy of imitation, then imitate it, and with the last look bury all my imperfections and infirmities with me.'"

THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF AMERICA OUT OF THE PULPIT.

II.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BY MRS. S. B. BEALS.

"I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;
Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood."

So sings our Poet in his opening youth; and as we stand with him in those solemn woods, and with uncovered heads join in that silent prayer, we feel that he ministers at the altar of Nature's vast cathedral, and is poet and priest by right divine. For the poet *is* by right divine. He speaks not of himself.

"A voice is ever at (his) side
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, 'Write!'"

So does Longfellow write, as hearing that voice. To him Nature is not dumb; he hears, as did the Psalmist of old, "the Heavens *declare* the glory of God;" and to him, as to the Teacher of Nazareth, do the flowers whisper of His love.

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love."

To his ear quickened by the touch divine, "The Silent River" murmurs its lessons, and the "full-blossomed trees fill all the air with joy." All these speak to him of the Spirit within, the source of all their beauty. He has the fellowship of that Spirit, and therefore has the freedom of the Universe. Like chimes ringing out from some cathedral tower, do all its voices blend in the melody of his voice.

But the word of the Lord comes to him oftenest in its "still, small voices;" not in the noise of the tempest, nor the rushing of the torrent, but in the quiet beauty of the autumnal woods, where he walks as in "the garden of the Lord," or in the slow-winding stream, whose tranquil waters "link together lake and lake."

We are too apt to confound passion and violence with strength, whereas, they are but evidences of roughness and incompleteness. The strength is ever in the quiet, but irresistible power which, through the struggle, develops serenity and peace. In the unformed geologic world, in whose dense atmosphere no living thing could breathe, were the

dread upheavals, the destructive march of the glaciers, the deluge of waters. From the infancy of the race come the stories of the wars of the Titans, the songs "of Vikings and Jarls." Now in the place of that chaotic world, we have the beauty of our quiet earth, the sublimity of its mountain-tops, the grandeur of its seas, whose tides obey the law divine, "Thus far, and no farther." Now, too, the old sagas of lawless strife have lost their power over the human heart;

> "But out of the sea of Time
> Rises a new land of song,
> Fairer than the old.
> Over its meadows green
> Walk the young bards and sing."

In the experience of most of us, the same growth from chaos into order is repeated. The wail of helpless infancy, the rebellious cry of childhood, the passionate longing of youth for pleasure, are all signs of weakness and incompleteness. Ignorant of the great fellowship into which it is born, of the love which is its highest law, the soul struggles for it knows not what, and finds neither strength nor peace, till it comes into harmony with the universe, and learns the secret of its sublime order.

So too, with some of our poets; in their turbulent verse float forms which remind us of the monsters which dwelt in the ancient seas, and which perchance are yet represented in our own; while their imaginations swarm with images hideous as the creatures which traversed the poisonous air of that former world—having wings indeed, but also the jaws of dragons, and bodies fitting them for the mud and slime which they inhabited. But of Longfellow's poetry the atmosphere is pure and sweet as the upper air, and his fellowship with Nature is with the calmness and serenity of the star-lit night, the gentleness of "the yielding but irresistible air," the glory of the sun as he breaks forth from cloud and storm, and

> "Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing."

Through the strength of his fellowship with Nature, he has that feeling of a dim self-consciousness in tree and plant, which in the religion of Greece made each of these the abode of a protecting Deity, who rejoiced in its growth, and suffered from the blow which destroyed its life. In the beautiful story of "Hiawatha," Longfellow tells us how his hero built his "Birch Canoe." Going forth into the forest he finds the birch-tree "tall and stately," and says to it,

> "Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
> For the summer time is coming,
> And the sun is warm in Heaven."

"With a sigh of patience" rustling in its branches, the tree makes answer, "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!" Next, he asks its boughs of the Cedar; from the Larch, its fibrous roots; and from the Fir, its balsam. And each, with "murmur of resistance," yields its life.

> "Thus the Birch Canoe was builded.
> * * * * * * *
> And the forest's life was in it,
> All its mystery and its magic,
> All the lightness of the birch-tree,
> All the toughness of the cedar,
> All the larch's supple sinews;
> And it floated on the river
> Like a yellow leaf in autumn
> Like a yellow water-lily."

Beautiful emblem of our Poet's song! Full is it of the mysterious life of Nature, and of the fellowship which speaks through her gentle ministries by which her life is passing ever into ours,—that life in which he sees

> —"a part
> Of that self-same universal being
> Which is throbbing in his brain and heart."

As that being springs into conscious life in the moving and breathing forms below us, a new sympathy flows into his verse. "No tears dim the sweet look that Nature wears;" she hastens ever to throw her mantle of quick-springing grass, of trailing vine and moss, over the ruin left by storm and flood, or the greater havoc wrought by man. But with the beginning of conscious life begins also the *fellowship of suffering*. The quick ear of Longfellow catches the cry of pain which man's cruelty and neglect wrung from the defenceless brutes, and his verse interprets the unknown tongue in which their complaint reaches all sympathetic breasts. His "Bell of Atri"

> "pleads the cause
> Of those dumb mouths that have no speech."

Indignation kindles in his heart as he thinks upon the wrongs of those helpless ones, and he cries:

> "Among the noblest in the land,
> Though he may count himself the least,
> That man I honor and revere,
> Who without favor, without fear,
> In the great city dares to stand
> The friend of every friendless beast,
> And tames with his unflinching hand
> The brutes that wear our form and face,
> The were-wolves of the human race."

In his "Birds of Killingworth" our Poet shows us that his sympathy springs from the fountain of religious thought and feeling. He recalls his voice who said of the sparrows, "Not one of them falleth without your Father;" and listens to the "hungry crows," who

> "Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
> Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
> Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread."

The quiet humor of this poem, and the mingling of its quaint story of human love with the story of

the birds and their triumph over their repentant enemies, brings it near to our hearts; and we rejoice with the poet as he bids us think of the jubilant songs which greet each return of morning, and

——"remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

But there are themes dearer yet to Longfellow's heart than any we have touched upon. "Glorious indeed is the world of God around us," he says in one of his prose-poems, "Hyperion," "but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the Land of Song, there lies the poet's native land." From his solitary musings in the woods, where we first saw him standing with Nature, a partner in her silent prayer, "distant voices" called him to a diviner ministry,—"Look into thine *heart* and write!" In quick response comes that noble "Psalm of Life," whose stirring call is to the up-building of character, to that unending and ascending progress —"Heart within and God o'erhead,"—whose sublime possibilities reach up to the Divine likeness. He would have us, as "Builders," find in the events of "our to-days and yesterdays" the "blocks" with which to build. In "The Ladder of St. Augustine" he shows us, too, how even "our pleasures and our discontents," our failures and our sins, may help us to reach the heavenly heights, if by trampling them under our feet we make of them steps on which to climb.

Nor to a solitary struggle does he call any one of us. By the great fellowship of humanity, we have part in those heroic lives which "remind us we can make our lives sublime;" and a loving sympathy, too, with each "forlorn and shipwrecked brother," for whose sake we make our "footsteps" strong and firm, that he "seeing, shall take heart again." With this fellowship of aspiration is Longfellow's poetry full. In it he embraces all the race, believing—

"that in all ages
Every human heart is human;
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened."

For the *freedom* of the human soul, too, does he plead; freedom from those trammels by which the teachers of religion have too often sought to limit its communion with the Infinite Spirit; and from those outward formalities, which too easily are made to take the place of that communion.

"Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?
Must it be Athanasian creeds,
Or holy water, books and beads?
Must struggling souls remain content
With councils and decrees of Trent?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian Church the year embalms
With evergreens and boughs and palms,
And fills the air with litanies?"

In the joy of this freedom, in the glad fellowship which it awakens with all human souls—"co-laborers with God" in thus building up character within ourselves and our fellow men, so that "all its walls shall be salvation and all its gates be praise,"—we look out upon the world, and with our teacher-poet see around us everywhere signs of the coming of the heavenly kingdom; see everywhere the chains of creed and form falling from souls that have outgrown them, and in all branches of the universal Church find the messengers of the new kingdom, in whom

—"a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
'Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.'"

But is this life—springing out of the unconsciousness of infancy and we know not what long processes of growth before; built up by painful labor; climbing, step by step, over the wrecks of failure, until, at last, it begins to see the dawnings of heavenly peace, the breaking of a more glorious day than ever "shone on sea or land,"—is this life at the mercy of a breeze too light to shake a flower from its stem? And does this soul, with its unutterable longing for ever-increasing knowledge of, and fellowship with, that Spirit who is the Life of the Universe, pass in a moment out of this conscious life into unconsciousness again? Not so does our Poet teach us. With a lofty faith, which upbears our souls as on eagles' wings, does he write:

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

In the serene assurance of this faith flows on the beautiful poem of "Resignation," and in its spirit does he salute alike the "Angels of Life and Death."

Reading thus, we hear again the voice of the Great Teacher, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living;" and we turn not to the "Dead Past" to find our dearest there preserved like mummies in Egyptian tombs—but out of the ever "living present" their voices cheer us saying ever, "Come up higher." Our souls drink in the boundless freedom of the Universe; and with composure,

sometimes even with gladness, we think of their birth, of our own birth, into the unknown future as

> "Only a step into the open air
> Out of a tent already luminous
> With light that shines thro' its transparent walls!"

We cannot in this short study of Longfellow rehearse all the lessons of religious freedom and fellowship, the incentives to noble character, with which his verse is filled. But we have seen that alike in the world of Nature, of Animal Life, and of Man, he looks always at the living soul within, and teaches us,

> "That life in all its forms is one,
> And that its secret conduits run,
> Unseen, but in unbroken line,
> From the great fountain head divine
> Through man and beast, through grain and grass."

We breathe in his poetry the atmosphere of religious purity, serenity and aspiration. "Life is one" to him, and therefore the most common themes are transfigured. He stands with "The Village Blacksmith" at his forge, or in the shipyard where all hands are busy with "The Building of the Ship," and straightway lessons of faithful earnest living come from both forge and ship, which, blending with the beautiful melody of the verse, sink deep into our hearts. For are not all human souls poets—though alas! dumb and often unconscious ones? And do they not respond with rapture to the song of him who best interprets their secret sense of the beautiful, their yearnings for a fuller revelation of divine harmonies?

As such an interpreter do we welcome the pure and gentle Poet, to whose teachings we have devoted this inadequate, but grateful, sketch; and as we leave him, we say with loving hearts as he has said of another of "Love's messengers":

> "Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
> Our hearts, in glad surprise,
> To higher levels rise.
>
> The tidal wave of deeper souls
> Into our inmost being rolls,
> And lifts us unawares
> Out of all meaner cares.
>
> Honor to those whose words or deeds
> Thus help us in our daily needs,
> And by their overflow
> Raise us from what is low!"

The Grand Haven *News-Journal* prints a good sermon from S. W. Sample on the narrow and the broad religion, under figure of the bed of Isaiah 28:20. Mr. Sample says: "Conservatism calls the church the house of God; liberalism believes that no corner of the world is Godless, that all houses should be consecrated to God." "Every creed is a fence which shuts out more than it shuts in." Nor does he think that "the Eternal Spirit has given his revelations over into the hands of the bookbinder, and now reveals himself no more."

THE GROWTH OF DOCTRINE; OR, THE OLD-NEW CREED.

II.

INCARNATION.

BY R. A. GRIFFIN.

We confine ourselves to two questions: 1. What is the legitimate explanation of the idea of Incarnation? Is it proper to lay special emphasis on the incarnation of God in Jesus? By the term God, we mean that extensive reality of which all that is seen or heard is the appearance; evil being transient, local, illusive, due to the viewing of things out of their connection. So we conceive of Deity as perpetual peace, serene happiness, passionless love and holiness. But if we be debarred the use of symbol, analogy and example, our thought remains shadowy, distant, vague.

We perceive that this awful essential Being comes to us in forms whereby we can the better apprehend Him. Bodied forth in symbol or language, the manifestation of God is called *Revelation;* in the course of things, in the experience of multitudes through ages, it is called *Providence;* speaking through personal lives, it is called *Incarnation.*

Until it becomes palpable in form or imaginative expression, it is to the mind simply a *metaphysic;* when clothed with anthropomorphic symbolism, it is a *poem;* but when the idea is incarnate, it becomes a palpable *reality.*

In every case, it is a bringing near to us of that which else were only imagined or contained within the mind. Incarnation is the object of worship descended into the worshiper. It is aspiration realized; it is the ideal in the actual. It is as when the spirit of love, which can be conceived of in the abstract by only a few minds, becomes locally expressed in a lover, or mother, or child. It is the poetry of devotion justified in the prose of holy living. It is that which the intellect sees afar off, coming so near that the affections can touch and be healed of sin and sorrow.

The idea of incarnation means more than the display of special virtues, or the assumption of resemblance to the loftiest ideal. There is unhappily a spirit of democratic self-conceit abroad, which sees no difference between the quality of ordinarily good souls, and that of the princes of the Kingdom of God; as though, in the noblest realm of being, there was nothing but mediocrity! There is, of course, a sense in which we are all the sons of God; indeed, it is true, every

blade of grass, every grain of dust, manifests the Eternal; but Incarnation means a great deal more than this. It does not mean a mere reflected likeness, as in a picture when the subject is dead or far off, but the present reality of God in the soul, as the underlying groundwork (or hypostasis, as the old phrase was) of the appearance; it is not resemblance or representation, but indwelling; not art, but life; not only the fruits of the Spirit, but God in very deed within; it is not only a holy character, but also the power which begets it.

When the fathers spoke of "substance," "person," they evidently labored to make a similar distinction to that we make, between knowing a man and being familiar with his works. When we say, "We saw So-and-so," it may mean, we saw him at a distance—saw him in the twilight—saw him for a moment; yet, if we had read all his works—knew all his possessions—were intimate with all the members of his family—this knowledge alone could never warrant us in saying we had actually seen *him.* To see the very man does not necessitate oft or intimate acquaintance—it may be a momentary glance—yet we can say we saw *him*—the very man himself. What do we mean by this? Surely, that we have seen the various parts, appearances and powers TOGETHER, which make up the idea of personality; we have seen the embodiment of that which produced his works. So the Church, in saying the very fulness of the Godhead was manifest bodily, indulged in a rhetorical extravagance, to set forth that the very self or eternal reality was manifest—that there came within the range of the human mind such a vision of Divine qualities, as a whole, such a symmetrical presentation of ideal goodness, such a very persona of the invisible holiness, such a balanced, harmonious setting forth of the highest conceivable nature, that the fittest popular phrase to denote the phenomenon was, that God himself personally appeared. And is there not, in the presence of some exceptionally good men, a similar idea suggested to all earnest, reverent minds? Can we not sympathize with Bunsen's dying words, when, looking on his wife for the last time, he said, "In thy face I have seen the Eternal"? Are there not those who present to our minds the same union of ideas, which, apart from them, were only connected together in our thoughts in the hour of worship? Indeed, in their presence, there was the same sacred love, the same self-suppressing awe, the same impulse to praise, the longing to ask help. The Spirit of God passed before us, not clothed in mist, not vague and baffling, but embodied in the familiar form of affectionate, communicable human personality.

Yet how distinct the man from the Divine love and truth and wisdom in him and radiating from him; not more distinct the wick from the flame, or the efflorescence from the plant! How does the majesty of the Invisible assert itself in the souls which best embody him? The true subject of incarnation waves away special homage, discourages everything which implies that Deity is limited to any embodiment, and cries, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant."

Idolatry begins when we confound the man, the local, transient means of bringing to view the Invisible Soul of all, and the unseen and eternal essence itself. Idolatry catches at the word made manifest, and sees not the eternal speaker who has often spoken, who spoke and will speak, again and again, in other tones and places.

Spiritual worship is a perpetual witness of the insufficiency of incarnations to meet the consciousness of God in man. It is the soul prostrate before that which can never be *adequately* brought before our minds. It is an unconscious affirmation that the heart yearns for more than history reveals, than character expresses, or the mind conceives. There is truth in the taunt that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion." *Worship is an act of faith.* In means belief not only in God revealed, but also hope in the glory yet to be revealed, and a dim discerning that there is a glory transcending all our thoughts and modes of communication. Let the soul that has seen the farthest into the character of Christ, say, Did not that sight awaken an unspeakable sense of aspiration to the awful Being who made himself known by Jesus? Did not that sight lead him *from Christ?* That man has not come to Christ who did not look beyond him. He who truly finds Christ, exclaims, "My Lord! my brother! let US worship Him who has called me to loftier thoughts by thee!" Indeed, Christ has come in vain if we stop at him—if we are satisfied with him. We must rise with him to God, or his mission is of non-effect, for he came not to bear witness of himself. It is not a little curious how Christendom, with all its idolatry of Jesus, in a sort, proclaims his insufficiency as the final and exclusive incarnation, for it points to the future, and presents under his name another Messiah, when it insists on the Second Advent.

Our next question is: Ought we to join our Christian brethren in laying *special* emphasis on the Incarnation of God in Jesus? It is not a question

with us, if we should lay emphasis on this fact; the glory of God in the face of Christ is as widely and persistently recognized as the exceptional beauty of certain antiques in art. The records of his life are mutilated, uncertainty besets their authorship, the mass of men are unappreciative of the most apparent excellences there exhibited. The same may be said of the best works of Greek sculpture. The Venus of Milo, for example, is imperfect—the discovery of an arm might totally change the present theories of the original design of the image—but no discovery could mar the beauty there presented; nor would it lessen the rank of the statue if it were proven to be the work of an artist inferior to the great master to whom it is attributed; nor does the fact that the majority of people prefer complete modern works, diminish the special value of this matchless relic. Indeed, though it were forgotten or depreciated, still its beauty remains to charm the eyes of those worthy to gaze upon it. Its merit is a fixed quantity—its excellence is as substantial as its marble. So the spiritual beauty of Jesus, preserved in the Gospels, the ideal which necessarily arises from the undisputed, credible parts, is a fixed reality. The veracious records are fragmentary but not uncertain; the mythical is as alien to the actual, to those capable of discernment in such matters, as is the moss from the stone it hides, to the common observer. Whatever valid objection may be urged against preaching Jesus as the supreme moral hero, surely no man of insight would gainsay the rare type of character it is clear he possessed.

It may appear that to know Jesus is an attainment of sustained spiritual contemplation, not an initial and common duty. It may appear that Jesus should be in all ages, as in his earthly life, one who is found of those who seek him. It may appear—indeed, to us it does appear—that Jesus should be saved from the hands of all forced publicity, from all exaggerating rhetoric—from everything, in a word, which is calculated to vitiate the free influence of his own attractiveness. We hold he should be preached as pictures are exposed, as music is played, this being the legend above every pulpit: "He that hath an ear, let him hear." He that hath an eye, let him see; he that hath a heart, let him love!

Let Christ be preached in his native simplicity—preached to willing ears; let there be no extravagant advertisement of him—no thrusting forth of theoretical views as to his nature and mission; let the facts speak for themselves. As human love gravitates to its object unurged, indeed unadvised, so will the higher love choose and rejoice in him, if he be indeed the superior embodiment of Divine goodness. Too often, in these as in former times, Christ is preached with a bribe, as wares are sold with the offer of a premium: now he is set forth as the averter of danger, now as the means of prosperity, and again as the way into ecclesiastical organizations. The forcing of him on the world has thronged his train with needy, importunate expectants; but has it added to the number of those who venerate him for his real excellence? There is a host ready to go to heaven with him; where are they ready to go to hell with him? Who would continue as his friends, were they sure he had no powers save those moral and spiritual eminence imply? Who would call him God manifest? who would do justice to his sacred beauty, were it proven he does not dwarf all others in intelligence, in compassion, in purity, in insight, in breadth of thought? Who would dwell with rapture on his name, if it were shown he was not the founder of a religion, not the originator of imaginative Christianity? The only possible answer is, they who have discovered with their own inward eyes that, consciously or unconsciously, he did set forth, with remarkable fulness, the fact of the Divine nature, so that what was before vague, abstract and awful, became in him palpable, concrete, affectionate. Does he bring God nearer? If it has been thought he was more successful than he really was, let us be thankful for the measure of help he was enabled to afford. Who are we to insist he must be first, or he shall be nothing to us? Did he not do his best? We must take him for what he is, for what God made him. To exaggerate, even for his glory, is to bear false witness to the world of him who died for the truth. To those who ask, Is there any warrant for special emphasis of the incarnation in his case? we answer, Yes, *special* but not *exclusive*. We are none of us in a position to claim for him solitary eminence. All we ought to say is what he seems to us in contrast with those we revere equally well. If we say he is the chiefest among ten thousand, we ought to know each one of that number as intimately as we do him. They should be viewed in the same light, with the same partiality or impartiality. If capable and devout men differ from us in estimating his rank, and are of the opinion that some other person was or is more fully possessed of the Divine spirit, we should rejoice, as indeed Jesus would, that any man has so lived that even one student of that life should suggest he is exalted to sit down with Christ in his throne.

It is a very grateful thought that there may be many hidden Christs—Christs, if we may use a paradox, who are not Messiahs; incarnations not manifest to the world at large, God-hidden from the wise and prudent, revealed in a mother's face to babes, or within the upper rooms of poverty and suffering, the door being shut; that God comes nigh, whether the audience be large or small, whether there be a reporter or not; that where two or two or three are gathered together in His name, he is in the midst, in some beloved and familiar form. But because Jesus *is known*—because *he is* lifted up—because his life is saved from oblivion—because his claims to honor have been sifted—because his character has been weighed by all orders of good men, therefore, if we can agree with the estimate formed, it is expedient that we should illustrate the truth of Incarnation specially by him.

Though there be a greater than Jesus, we cannot give him the place of Christ *yet*, for to our chosen instance of incarnation all the prophets of the Christian era give witness. There may be to-day a greater than Shakspeare; let stronger minds than ours read first—let them pronounce judgment—let the republic of criticism examine—let the years pass, and the slow, sure but permanent estimate be reached. We can enjoy Shakspeare as it is, but we cannot disguise from ourselves that we should not have sufficiently appreciated him at the first, to have said confidently, as his genius rose on the world, "This the chief poet of his nation." Blessed were they who said at the first, "This is the Christ;" but we are mournfully conscious we could not have done so. There must be discoverers of excellence as well as admirers; hands can grasp firmly what they could never find.

What shall be the future of this most illustrious instance of Incarnation we cannot tell.

> "The kings of modern thought are dumb;
> Silent they are, though not content,
> And wait to see the future come."

> "Wavering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born."

Yet we cherish the hope that, when imaginative Christianity, when holy roods and superstitious rites have passed away, the memory of our gentle, suffering Master will survive. Looking on him, even with the cold, critical eye of rationalism—looking in the full light of day—in view of all that we know of heroes and saints, it appears to us there is none like him. We honor Socrates, but who could wish all men were possessed of his spirit? We honor Paul; we honor Luther; we honor Channing; we honor Parker, but who could pray that every man and woman might display the peculiar spirit of any one of them? Indeed, where is the man or woman we could wish to see indefinitely repeated? How different are our feelings in Christ's presence. What grander hope can possess us than that all the world should resemble him in the spirit of their minds and purpose of their lives? We touch him by whatever is best in us. All men are grouped about him. *Churchmen!* see his piety. *Radicals!* see, he dies for the truth, excommunicated, derided as yourselves. *Men!* see the courage that defies hypocritical formalism. *Women!* see his compassionate tears in presence of bereavement or pain. *Reformers!* hear him place conscience before Moses. *Conservatives!* see his reverent glance in the temple as he calls it "My Father's house." *Ascetics!* see him fasting. *Men of generous habits!* see him eating and drinking alike with rich and poor.

Yes, superstitious brethren, your human God, ablaze with all the splendors of art, of poetry, cannot eclipse the serene beauty and heavenly grace of our chosen spiritual king, the simple Jewish teacher; and you who name his name no more; you who profess to have found his peers or his superiors, write their biographies, bring them forth to full view, let their claims be weighed; let the sanctified and emancipated conscience and reason dwell on their spirit, as the Christian consciousness has dwelt on Christ's, and then, when we who were born in the ancient folds—we who offered the first prayer to Jesus—we who find music in his very name—we who surrendered the idea of his divinity with reluctance—we who are perhaps incapable of complete emancipation from the past, though boasting our freedom, when we shall have passed away, slowly yet surely shall the day dawn when this very spiritual Christ will crown your new Messiah, and say, "He must increase, but I must decrease," if indeed he be greater than Jesus. Meanwhile, we gaze upon this face of Christ, this countenance of God, this marvelous blending of Divine qualities—we gaze upon this portrait marred by time and superstition—this sacred antique, mutilated yet unrivaled, and bear our testimony that there is none like him, and feel the rich ascription of the past becomes our Liberal Churches as truly as it did the ancient congregations—"Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ."

The *Index* reports Beecher saying "there was not one of the patriarchs who did not live such a life as in these days would put him in the penitentiary."

LIFE OF GEORGE COMBE.

A life of George Combe, author of the "Constitution of Man," has appeared in England (in two volumes, written by Charles Gibbon, published by MacMillan). The *Theological Review* says that the author has done his work well and given us a vivid picture of a remarkable man. As a large part of Combe's career was devoted to what is now recognized as a philosophical delusion—the so-called science of phrenology—there is a pathetic interest in the spectacle of considerable powers and great perseverance applied to an enterprise predestined to failure. His own ardent and all-absorbing faith met with little response. Whether the localization of mental function in the brain will ever be accomplished, we do not pretend to say; but it is curious and instructive to compare Dr. Ferrier's cautious attempts in that direction, with the minute and unqualified assertions of Gall, Spurzheim and Combe, sixty or seventy years before.

Through his famous work, Combe exercised a great and singular influence upon successive generations of young men, who were asked for the first time to study themselves in the light of common sense and natural law. It was a forerunner of the physical literature which is now so popular, and attaining a vast circulation, did much to disseminate sound and just physiological knowledge among the people. It is curious to note how this book, moderate as it is, procured for its author in the Edinburgh of the first half of this century, the reputation of an infidel. He did nothing to deserve this reputation. For the greater part of his life he went to church like other people, and it was only when his reputation was fixed beyond recall that he committed the great sin of driving out with his wife on Sunday afternoons. But he was put in the same category with Voltaire and Tom Paine. Few religious people would have anything to do with him. He could not associate himself with movements with which he heartily sympathized, for fear of damaging them. This led at last to his becoming a frequent exile from the city he ardently loved, but which saw in him no prophet. Combe was a thoroughly honest and able man, and as a leader and helper of his fellow-men, his life deserves to be read and treasured. C. W. W.

TWO TRAVELERS.

[The little poem which follows was written by a German author of considerable eminence, who signs his productions "Hieronymus Lorm." It has been excellently translated for UNITY by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., who calls it "a remarkable poem." What lends especial interest to it is the fact that the author is, as he himself says, "a mere fragment of a man," being blind, deaf, lame, and with impaired taste and smell; and yet he is very learned, and a prolific writer of poems, novels, and essays for magazines, upon philosophical, historical, literary, and current political topics. C. W. W.]

Two travelers through a forest passed;
The blows of the axe rang far and fast;
What each with wistful yearning sought,
In the ring of the steel to his ear was brought.
The strong one said: "There lies the strand;
They are building a ship for a far-off land."
The weary one said: "They are building a house;
Love's hand enwreaths it with blossoming boughs."
They pushed through the thicket, and when they caught sight
Of the building-ground—lo! both were right:
They are building a *ship* for the far-off land—
A *house* bedecked by affection's hand:
There, hid by the woods as their work they sped,
They frame of new boards a house for the dead.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

We quote the following from a report of C. D. B. Mills' excellent lecture on "The Labor Question." After speaking of the great change from the introduction of machinery, Mr. Mills says:

But who can doubt that the changes are benign? For every scribe supplanted from his work by the printing press, doubtless ten men, more probably fifty or one hundred, have found work in making the machines, fabricating the paper and setting type. For one turned out of employment as tallow-chandler, ten engaged in making the fixtures for, or in manufacturing gas, and so on through every industry superseded in past time, only give range enough for the law of adjustment to work.

There has been an exaltation of labor going on, the hands, occupied erewhile upon a coarser pursuit, have been withdrawn for a finer. So the elegant arts, the luxuries and refinements of life have come in. Where were the books and pictures and musical instruments, if man had never found through the ameliorations the leisure for the intellect, the æsthetic taste and the imagination.

In the past we have to see in mirror the present. What we have to-day is an instance, more marked and deeply felt indeed, but of the same type and kind with what we observed it in all ages. We have attained a new printing art, and old scribes are thrown out; we have caught and tamed a new animal, forces of nature, and there is a great supersedure of horse-flesh and man-flesh. There is much disturbance till the new adjustment be made New industries must be opened, a fresh versatility must be struck in the general mind, that it may turn itself from the old and accustomed routine and be

able to apply the hands to new and hitherto unknown tasks. The gravest infirmity upon the masses of day-workers at this time is their unskill and unversatility, the want of investment of intellectual knowledge and power in their work. So much like machines themselves, they are constantly being superseded by more effective and less expensive machinery. The condition for the unskilled laborer is steadily becoming more forlorn and hopeless, and a prominent educator and thinker in the West (Prof. H. H. Morgan, of St. Louis) has lately expressed his deliberate judgment that his fate in that capacity is sealed. "The whole movement, he says, "of physical science and applied mechanical science is toward a point at which the unskilled workman must disappear."

"There is always room," said Daniel Webster to the young barrister who complained that he found the profession overcrowded in his town, "always room in the upper stories." Nature makes way for the superior man; there is place always for the alert inventive genius, the skilled performer. The open possibilities in the industrial sphere, in economic knowledge and art, lie almost untouched.

Botany tells us there are some two hundred thousand plants known, nearly all of which to-day are reckoned weeds. Cotton, flax, the wheat plant and a few others have been read and translated to use. Arkwright and Whitney, says Emerson, "were the demi-gods of cotton;" they taught it to men. But what of the rest of the two hundred thousand plants now reckoned weeds? They too, await the genus that shall interpret them and unlock their untold values to the race. So, too, the minerals: the large part of them sleep in the earth, waiting for their hour to strike, for the alchemist to be born.

We have machines for mowing and reaping; the machines for gathering root crops and fruits are yet to come. Only a day or two since I saw a liberal premium offered by a farmer for a good machine for baling hay. The stoves leak the poisonous gases, as sieves water; who will make an iron impervious to the subtle, fatal agents? Our chimnies breathe forth smoke, which is unconsumed fuel. Like a dark cloud of night it overhangs every large town, soiling and corrupting the atmosphere. Who will wipe this smoke from the sky and utilize it for fuel? Our sewers and drains exhale poisons, filling the house with disease, and bringing in untold numbers untimely deaths. Who will stop this slaughter of the innocents that is constantly going forward?

The explosives which long ago were constrained to throw hurtful missiles for miles wait almost wholly yet to be harnessed for useful work. The gun-powder pile-driver is the first fruit, and the prophecy of a long series of explosive motors yet to come. Steam is a very expensive agent. It is employed universally, for the lack of a better. Who will invent the new motor, or harnesss some old one, that, at the expense of a few cents only, can transport a hundred pounds of freight across the continent or over the globe? The ravages wrought by insects and worms in the United States alone is estimated at $150,000,000 annually. Is there not room for some genius to devise the method of escape?

Nature is full of forces, waiting to be disenchanted, that shall change war, change industry, change life in every kind, mking man an omnipotent genie, making the earth and all things therein new. "The great inventors and discoverers among mankind," says Theodore Parker, "have plowed only in corners of the field of possibility." It is in the mediocre and common place that there is surplus glut in the market. Rise higher and the world is all open before you.

Mr. Mills is hopeful for the future. He says:

For one thing I feel well assured there must be new adjustment in the length of the working day. The day of toil must be shortened as the productive power is increased. It has been so in the past, it will be still more so in the future. Within the limits of a generation there has been very perceptible reduction. Formerly, and within the memory of many now living, the day was fourteen, sixteen, and even eighteen hours. Now, it is twelve, ten, or sometimes eight. The wage per hour will have to be increased, not suddenly and largely but gradually and permanently. This is inevitable. It has gone forward in all the ages of our modern civilization. The greed and rapacity of capital must have its check. It must not, will not, be permitted to appropriate the earnings from augmented production all to itself, wringing them from the grasp of the hard-handed poor. Nor do these earnings in any considerable part belong to the inventor of machinery or to the general public. They must enhance the wages and lighten the condition of the workingman. The mechanic to-day has comforts and elegancies in his home that were impossible to a prince two hundred years ago; nay, I might in many particulars shorten the time by a century more. And more are to come. The houses of the laborers are to be filled with far greater conveniences and luxuries, appointments for health, for leisure, for the enjoyment and improvement of taste, for most generous culture. The drudgeries of life are to be reduced—nay, to be eliminated—and the day, a portion of it certainly, for each child of Adam to be free for the joys and the discipline of the intellectual and the spiritual nature. "In the future," says Mr. Harris, "hovers the picture of a humanity so free on the side of its natural wants that the time is its own for spiritual culture."

The Germans read. According to the *New York Times*, "about 5,000 books were published in England during 1878. The number published in Germany during the same year is not yet known, but nearly 14,000 independent works, containing over 20,000 volumes made their appearance in 1877. But a special impediment to the universal persusal of books in Germany is the recent growth of periodical literature. There are close on 2,500 political journals, with a circulation of 4,000,000. Beside these, there are a large number of journals devoted to special departments of art, industry and science. The merchant, the gardener, the forester, and the tailor—each has his paper, quite as much

as the philologist, the architect, or the physician. There are of these journals no less than 1,125 varieties, with over 3,500,000 subscribers. The most popular of these journals are those of the belles-lettristic or magazine type. At the head of all stands the Leipsic *Gartenlaube*, with 360,000 subscribers; then follow the Stuttgart illustrated weeklies: *Uber Land und Meer* with 140,000, and *Das Buch fur Alle* with 100,000 subscribers; the Berlin ladies' newspaper, *Bazar*, with 100,000 subscribers; the Stuttgart *Protestant Sunday Journal*, 87,000; the Mayence *Catholic Weekly*, 40,000; the Berlin *Wasp* (comic) 32,000; and the famous *Kladderadatsch*, 50,000." There are tailors' papers averaging between 20,000 and 60,000 subscribers, and even the hair-dressers, tanners, hat-makers and chimney-sweepers revel in organs of their own.

In an article on "Atheism and the Church" in the January *Contemporary Review* by Canon G. H. Curteis, occurs this language: "It is well that churchmen should be aware of this state of things" *i. e.* the religious attitude of science—" and especially that the elergy, when they are tempted to have their fling (secure from all reply) against the so-called infidel should bear in mind how often the bravery of defiant arrogance is a mere mark to cover a sinking heart. For pity's sake therefore, as well as for their own sake, the clergy should guard against two grave but common mistakes: (1) The mistake of abusing modern science and depreciating its unquestionable difficulties in relation to the established theology. (2) The still more fatal blunder of trusting to worn-out tactics and to the artillery of Jonathan and David for the reduction of these modern earthworks. * * * * But no succor will be obtained unless churchmen will remember that the vast domain recently contributed by science are (practically speaking) assured and certain conquests. They are no encroachments but a rightful re-vindication of scientific territory." Such words from a Canon of the English church are significant."

Hubner's statistical tables gives the proportion of Catholics and Protestants in Europe as follows: "In France the number of Catholics is given as 39,390,000 and of Protestants as 600,000, while in Great Britain and Ireland there are 5,600,000 Catholics against 26,000,000 Protestants. In Italy there are 26,660,000 Catholics and 96,000 Protestants, and in Spain 16,500,000 Catholics and 180,000 of all other denominations. Germany has 14,900,000 Catholics against 23,900,000 in Austro-Hungry, and 25,600,000 Protestants against 3,600,000 in Austro-Hungary. In Belgium and Holland the number of Catholics is 6,921,000 and of Protestants and persons belonging to the "Reformed Church" 2,021,000, the reformers in Holland alone numbering 2,001,000. In Sweden and Norway the Protestants number 4,162,000 and the Catholics are estimated at about 1,000. European Russia has 7,500,000 Catholics and 2,680,000 Protestants, with more than 56,000,000 Greek Christians. Elsewhere in these European States the Gree Church has the following membership: In Austro-Hungary, 7,220,000 (including other Christians who are neither "Evangelical" nor Catholic); in Germany, 28,000; in Great Britain, 26,000; in Italy, 1,000,000; and in Sweden and Norway, 4,000."

CONFERENCES.

WESTERN.

The twenty-fifth annual session of the Western Unitarian Conference will be held with the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Cincinnati, Ohio, May 6, 7 and 8, 1879. The opening sermon will be preached on Tuesday evening, May 6, by Rev. Calvin Stebbins, of Detroit, Mich. On Wednesday evening, Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, Mass., will preach. Essays will be read during the Conference by Rev. F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland, O.; Rev. George Chainey, of Evansville, Ind.; Rev. J. C. Learned, of St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. Charles Craven, Toledo, O.; and Rev. Brooke Herford, Chicago, Ill. The Conference will be followed by a meeting, on Friday, of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

The First Congregational (Unitarian) Church, of Cincinnati, extends a most cordial invitation to all religious Liberals, West and East, to attend the approaching session of the Western Conference in this city. Private hospitalities are tendered all who may be willing to accept of them. It is requested that, for mutual accommodation, the number and names of those who intend coming may be sent to Rev. Charles W. Wendte, 196 Auburn street, Cincinnati, as soon after April 15th as possible. Delegates will on arrival proceed to the Church, northeast corner of Plum and Eighth streets, where a committee will be in attendance to welcome and provide homes for them. As some have indicated their desire to bear their own expenses during their stay, arrangements have been made with the Grand Hotel, by which delegates may obtain board and lodging at the reduced rates of $2.50 and $3.00 a day, according to location of room. The Emery House, kept on the European plan, is also recommended.

Aside from the Conference exercises, Cincinnati will, it is hoped, offer unusual attractions to our visiting friends, in its early spring, its beautiful suburbs, new Music Hall and Organ, and other features of interest. This will be the first meeting of the Western Conference in Cincinnati for many years, and we shall do everything that can be done by earnest and glad hearts to make it a happy and notable occasion.

CHARLES W. WENDTE,
For the First Congregational Church.

The following favorable railroad fares have been secured: From Chicago, by the Kankakee (I. C. and L.) line, and from St. Louis, by the Vandalia line, *full fare to* Cincinnati, *return free.* From Toledo, by the C. H. and D. line, and from Cleveland by the C. C. C. and I. line, *full fare to* Cincinnati, *return for one cent per mile.* These rates include all way stations on the roads. Tickets will be good for ten days.

J. T. SUNDERLAND, Sec'y of Conference.

INDIANA.

The third session of the Indiana Conference of Unitarian and Independent Churches will meet in Unity Church, Indianapolis, Ind., on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, April 22–24. The programme will be as follows: Tuesday evening—Welcome by Rev. Geo. W. Cooke; Response by Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Laporte; and Sermon by Rev. C. W.

Wendte, of Cincinnati, on "The Messianic Hope." Wednesday morning—Devotional Meeting; Reports from Churches; and Sermon by Rev. J. L. Douthit, of Shelbyville, Illinois. Wednesday afternoon—Essay by Prof. David S. Jordan of Butler University, on "Agassiz and the Relations of Religion to Science;" and Sermon by Rev. Geo. Chainey of Evansville, on "The Waste of Accepting False Beliefs." Wednesday evening—Sermon by Rev. J. Ll. Jones, of Janesville, Wis. Thursday morning—Devotional Meeting, led by Rev. C. W. Wendte; Conference on Missionary Work, led by Rev. J. Ll. Jones; Sermon by Rev. J. H. Heywood, of Louisville, Ky. Thursday afternoon—Essay by Hon. Geo. W. Julian, of Irvington, Ind., on "A Search for the Truth;" and Sermon by Rev. J. A. Dorson, of Muncie, on "A Plea for Higher Religious Culture." Discussion will follow each of the essays.

The Constitution of the "Indiana Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies" contains the following provision: "Desirous of rallying the liberal minds of Indiana around the common center, this Conference conditions its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all those who desire to work with it in advancing the kingdom of God." In accordance with the spirit of the above, we welcome all the friends of Liberal Religion in the State to our third Conference in Indianapolis. If you cannot come, send us a letter.

WM. H. REIFENBERG, President, Hobart.
J. H. CROOKER, Secretary, Laporte.

Our homes are open to all for entertainment, and we shall try to make you heartily welcome. Friends coming are asked to send their names to the Minister, at 397 North Illinois street, that places may be assigned them. Report at Church, corner Tennessee and Michigan streets, on arrival.

On behalf of the congregation of Unity Church.

GEO. W. COOKE, Minister.

UNITY AND UNITARIAN.

BOSTON, April 1, 1879.

DEAR GANNETT: My first work in the profession, of any regular sort, was done at Washington. Our church there was founded by *English* Unitarians, and had more of their old literature, in a queer library, than I have ever seen since. Among other books, I found there an English translation of the Racovian Catechism, which was, you know, the text-book of the Socinians, a book which I wish I had, but have never seen since. In that Catechism, or rather in the preface to it, is a statement which I should think you would like to reproduce in UNITY, for it is exactly in its line. I used to cite it, but I found nobody believed it, and nobody cared for it. All the same, it is an interesting fact that all Unitarians, the world over, have been tolerant, and that they have always said that the doctrine of the Unity of God was of no account unless men would hold to the unity of mankind. The passage is this:

"This historian relates (p. 43) that, in the course of this year, 1578, was confirmed [in Poland] a decree which had been passed at a diet in 1557, and afterward confirmed by the states of the kingdom, in 1563, *decreeing to all persons of all denominations the free exercise of their religion. From the* UNION *of the Reformed churches of all parties in passing this edict*, an union to which they were led by weighty public reasons, *they were called* UNITI *or* UNITARII. This title was afterward restricted to those person who maintained that the Father alone was the true and Eternal God, and by them readily adopted of their own accord; while those who held that there were three persons in the Godhead were, by way of opposition, styled *Trinitarii*."

Now this unknown historian is wrong in this last statement, for the word Anti-Trinitarii is in use before to denominate the Socinians; but I think it will prove that the word *Unitarius* is not to be found earlier than the etymology thus given. When the Trinitarian churches gave up the plan of toleration they ceased to be Uniti or Unitarii. Our people held on to that plan to the last. They never persecuted for opinion. The name came to be interpreted as originating in the theological dogma of the Godhead; but this etymology of its origin is probably true: that Unitarians were people who believed in what you and I call "Unity."

Always yours, EDWARD E. HALE.

LIBERAL WORKERS.

Rev. J. Wassail, pastor of the Congregational Church of Nora, Ill., exchanged with Mr. Jones of Janesville, April 6, and neither congregation was shocked.

"Visions of the Future and Other Discourses," by O. B. Frothingham, have been collected and printed in a volume by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.

Mr. Billman, recently from the Congregationalists, has accepted the call to the Unitarian church at Jackson, Mich., and began his services there April 6.

A telegram announces that "Rev. John Miller, D. D., late professor of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, has been formally deposed from the ministry for heresy, by the session of the Presbytery."

The second series of "Unity" Sunday School Lessons on "Home Life," by Mrs. Susan I. Lesley and Mrs. Elizabeth L. Head, is now published in a pamphlet and for sale at the office of UNITY, at fifteen cents per copy or $1.25 per dozen.

The Humboldt *Cosmos* announces that S. S. Hunting has lately given to "large and interesting audiences" in Humboldt, three lectures on "Science and Religion," "A Cause and Cure of Infidelity" and "The Friends and Enemies of Home."

The seven days' grove meeting at Weir's Landing, N. H., last year, was so successful, that another is already announced for July 21-28. All liberal christians "regardless of locality and denominational distinction" are invited. Particulars can be obtained from Enoch Powell, Laconia, N. H.

Dr. William A. Hammond, moved by the miraculous claim that Miss Fancher, of Brooklyn, has not tasted food for fourteen years, has written a little book on "Fasting Girls." It treats of the various cases, mediæval and modern, where similar claims of abstinence have been made. Dr. Hammond offers $1000 to Miss Fancher or any other person who will go without food for one month, and submit to a watch for that period by a committee appointed by himself.

A. H. Guernsey's late pamphlet on Carlyle contains, among the "talk" as reproduced by Milburn, Carlyle's account why he disliked the Methodists, whose meetings he had for a time attended. "But the sum and end of all the fluency and vehemence of the sermon, and of all the fervor of the prayer, was, 'Lord, save us from hell!' and I went away musing

sick at heart, saying to myself, 'My good fellows, why all this bother and noise? If it be God's will, why not go and be damned in quiet, and say never a word about it? and I for one would think far better of you.' So it seemed to me that your Wesleyans made cowards, and I would have no more to do with their praying and their preaching."

The last "Easy Chair" informs us that Peter Cooper has spent upon Cooper Union "more than $2,000,000. It has a body of about thirty instructors in literature, science, and art, and it is maintained at an annual expense of about $50,000. During the last year, its free reading-room has been visited by 614,000 readers, for whose use there are 294 newspapers, magazines, and periodicals provided. There is an increasing library of 20,000 volumes, and during the year there have been 3395 students in the various classes. This is the work of one private citizen, and it is no wonder that Dean Stanley was impressed in this country by nothing more than by the private foundation of institutions of priceless public value."

Mrs. C. P. Woolley, of Chicago, writes to the *Christian Register* of the "Girls' Industrial School" established in 1876 by the Ladies Sewing Society of Robt. Collyer's church: "Into this school thirty or forty, and sometimes as many as seventy girls, from the age of four to fifteen, are gathered to be taught the homely arts of sewing and housework. The larger girls, as soon as they are sufficiently competent and well-behaved, are sent to the public school, or places are found for them as nursery maids and servants." "Situated in one of the worst localities of the city, the Girls' Industrial School has become a powerful influence for good, and produced through the entire neighborhood a change in favor of orderliness and cleanliness which is frequently remarked upon."

A correspondent writes the *Christian Register* that, under Geo. W. Cooke's labors in Indianapolis, there has been "a perceptible increase of our congregation. The Sunday-school has also doubled. Unity Club, which is really the working body of the society, has never had such a prosperous season. This winter we have studied American novelists and the great poems of the world, having three papers on the subject each evening. Once a month we have an entertainment provided by an amusement committee; and the winter's work has included five lectures, with others still in store. The weekly meeting brings the folks together for literature first and social chat afterward." Mr. Cooke's opera-house lectures have also been successful, being delivered to "audiences of from three to six hundred."

O. B. Frothingham is not of those who think the preacher's work is past. Not long since, he rated the influence of the pulpit as scarcely second to that of the press. Still later, in a sermon on "the stage," he said: "The function of the theater is to amuse, not to teach; not to impress moral ideas, but to entertain; and this is one reason why the theater cannot, from the nature of the case, compete with the pulpit. It is not addressed to the conscience, but to the fancy. Men may go to the play and cry like women over some little piece of foolish sentiment, and then go home and beat their wives almost to death. From the nature of things, the stage cannot and should not be considered a force in the moral elevation of mankind." But Mr. Frothingham thinks that though the work of the stage is not "moral elevation," still "the time is coming when the theater will be one of the finest forces for refinement and education."

The Woman's Liberal Union has just issued a circular letter, copies of which will be sent to the different Churches throughout the West, calling attention to the recent establishment of the "Western Unitarian Headquarters" in Chicago, and asking the assistance of the societies outside the city toward the support of the same. The need of opening rooms in some central locality, to be used as the distributing point for liberal publications, and for the general service of the Conference, has long been felt, and is most pressing. It is a provision which meets the wants alike of non-residents and residents of Chicago, and it is therefore eminently fitting that the burden of expense incident thereto should be shared by all. The appeal is addressed more directly to women, it being the desire of the members of the Union that the women of the Conference should take upon themselves, as their especial work, the care and support of these recently-founded Headquarters, which they hope to make the center of Liberal thought and enterprise. An attempt will be made at the coming Conference to place this work upon a systematic basis, by which it can be regularly, faithfully, and *easily* executed—the burden falling on the many who are willing, rather than, as often happens, on the few who are compelled. In the meantime, will not the pastors of the various societies charge their attention with this matter, and endeavor to awaken the interest of their best-working women in this new but very laudable enterprise?

Prof. Swing finds room for Col. Ingersoll in our religious needs; because, on some of the prevalent theology of the day, "no blows but those of a pitiless ridicule could make any impression. Those religionists who send to perdition men of stainless integrity, saying over their righteous graves that mere morality is most damnable, have long needed the hot shafts and deep derision of this plain-spoken lawyer." But in a second sermon, April 13, Prof. Swing argued that though the "Addresses" are "wonderful concentrations of wit, fun, and tears and logic, they are concentrations upon minor points;" though "they are severe upon a little group of men, upon liberalists and old Calvinists, and old Popes, and old monks, they do not weigh and measure fully the religion of such a being as Jesus Christ, nor touch the ideas and actions of the human race away from these fading forms of human nature." "The eloquence of Mr. Ingersoll is much like the art of Hogarth or John Leech,—an acute, and witty, and interesting art, but very limited in its range. Hogarth was without a rival in his ability to picture the 'mistakes' of marriage, and of a 'Rake's Progress,' the peculiarity of 'Beer Lane' and 'Gin Lane;' and his art was legitimate in its field, but its field was narrow, and took no notice of the eternal beauty of things as painted by Rubens or Raphael. Thus the ideas of 'Moses,' and 'Church,' and 'Heaven,' and 'God,' lie before Mr. Ingersoll to be pictured by his skillful derision, but after the artist has drawn his little Puritanic Hebrew and his absurd Heaven, and has painted his little gods, and has limned his old Papal Heaven and Hell, another scene opens and there untarnished are the deep things of right and wrong, the immortal hopes of man, and a Heavenly Father which cannot be placed upon a jester's canvas." "Let us at times laugh with him, let us admire his acuteness, let us confess the honesty of his life, but for our guides or ideas in the world spiritual let us seek some mountain of thought where the survey is broader, and tenderer, and more just, from which hight no good lies concealed; but looking from which we can see the great landscape of the soul, some of it bathed in light, some of it lying in shadow, but all of it instructive and full of impressiveness."

SCRIPTURES, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY F. L. H.

TRUTH.

Its Nature and Power.

Great is Truth, and mighty above all things:
All the earth calleth upon Truth, and the heaven blesseth it:
All works shake and tremble at it,
And with it is no unrighteous thing.
It endureth and is always strong:
It liveth and conquereth for evermore!
With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards,
Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness:
But she doeth the things that are just,
And refraineth from all unjust and wicked things.
All men do like well of her works,
And she is the strength, kingdom, and majesty of all ages.
—*I. Esdras, iv.*

The Remorse of Such as Forsake its Ways.

We have erred from the way of Truth,
And the light of righteousness shined not unto us.
We wearied ourselves in the way of wickedness:
But as for the way of the Lord, we have not known it.
What hath pride profited us?
What good have our vaunted riches brought us?
All those things are passed away like a shadow,
And as a post that hasteth by!
As a ship that passeth over the waters,
The trace whereof cannot be found,
Neither the pathway of the keel in the waves:—
Even so we from our birth began to draw to our end,
And had no sign of virtue to show!

For we said, reasoning with ourselves, but not aright:
Our life is short, and in death is no remedy;
Come, therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present.
Let no flower of the Spring pass us by:
Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered:
Let none of us go without his pleasure:
Let us oppress the poor righteous man:
Let us not spare the widow,
Nor reverence the gray hair of the aged.
Let our own strength be the law of justice;
For that which is feeble is found to be nothing worth.

Such things did we imagine and have been deceived:
For our own wickedness hath blinded us.
As for the mysteries of God, we knew them not:
We hoped not for the wages of righteousness,
Neither discerned we a reward for blameless souls.
Wisdom of Solomon v. and ii. (*abridged.*)

The Satisfaction of an Upright Life.

I delivered the poor when they cried,
And the fatherless who had none to help him.
The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me,
And I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.
I put on righteousness and it clothed me:
And justice was my robe and diadem.
I was eyes to the blind,
And feet was I to the lame;
I was a father to the poor,
And the cause of him I knew not I searched out;
As God liveth,
Never shall my lips speak falsehood,
Nor my tongue utter deceit:
To my last breath will I assert my integrity:
My heart reproacheth me for no part of my life.
—*Job xxix and xxvii.*

The Service of Truth its own Reward.

And for success, I ask no more than this,—
To bear unflinching witness to the truth.
All true, whole men succeed; for what is worth
Success's name unless it be the thought,
The inward surety, to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end?—*James Russell Lowell.*

The Brave Man's Choice.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just:
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.—*Ibid.*

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.—*Bacon.* (*Essay on Truth*).

Happy is he whom truth by itself doth teach, not by figures and words that pass away, but as it is in itself. How many perish by reason of vain learning of this world, who take little care of the serving of God. Would that their life had been answerable to their learning! Then had their study and reading been to good purpose.—*Thomas a Kempis* (*Imitation of Christ, Book i., Ch. ii.*)

Prayer for Guidance in Truth.

O Lord, who hast made me and fashioned me, give me understanding that I may keep Thy law. Thy law is truth: Thou desirest truth in the heart; so teach me wisdom in my inmost soul. Hide Thy word in my heart that it may be a lamp unto my feet and a light upon my path. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; guard the door of my lips; let not my heart incline to any evil thing. Quicken me in Thy righteousness, and lead me in Thy truth: for my trust is in Thee.—*Hebrew Psalms.* (*compiled*).

SERIES III. **SCHOOL LIFE.** LESSON 4.

BY MRS. F. B. AMES.

COMPANIONS AND CLIQUES.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."
"He who has friends in every place, finds every place delicious."

Companions educate us. There are lessons in *thinking, talking, behaving*—most important lessons in character-building—which we learn from our companions. People who are much together become like each other even in tones of voice and pronouncing of words; they think alike about religion and politics; about truthfulness, purity and honesty. Therefore be careful how you give yourself to the influence of your companions at school. Is the "public opinion" of your school high or low? Who are its leaders and heroes?

Have your own standard: you may all your life be obliged to associate with some people who are idle, frivolous, coarse-mannered, or even vicious. Learn, while young, to brace yourself against evil influences from others; to have good resolutions, and be true to them; to *judge* the popular favorites before you follow them. Do not say "Such a boy does it," or "*Every body does it,*" but ask, "Is it right?" There is a right and wrong even in very small things; as in the pronouncing of words; the way of dressing one's self; the using of other people's books, slates and pencils; the soiling and littering of floors and desks; in keeping study-hours; whispering; writing notes; copying lessons, etc., Remember "the great relations of little things."

Your part towards others is best performed when you are true to your own standard. When tempted to act dishonestly towards the teacher, or ungenerously to any school-mate, if you resist the temptation, you will help every one else to a nobler way of thinking and acting. Goodness is as contagious as evil is. Can you keep in mind your obligation to be true to yourself without being self-righteous or "stuck up?"

Cliques. To make a set of one's own which shall withdraw from all except the chosen few, is to make a clique. Cliques are usually narrow-minded and conceited. They are apt to thank God that they are not as others are. Whom do they resemble in this? A clique may be known by its desire to *shut out somebody.* We are under no obligation to make of every one an intimate friend, but we should not make others feel that we hold them in contempt. In school-life *have the friendly spirit towards all,* though your intimates are few.

School friendships. Among our school-friends are some who may become life-long friends. But there are habits which make it hard to get or to keep friends. Among school-girls, sentimentalism often tires the friendly impulse and ends in disgust. Taking offense at trifles, being on the look out for faults; saying even true things in an unfriendly spirit; "getting mad," or frequent quarrels and reconciliations,—all these make friendship brittle. Bragging and self-praise tire and alienate friends. A meddlesome person, and one who wants always to be "leader," is a difficult friend. Friendship which grows from *deserving* to have friends, and which is kept by *being* a true friend, will make life glad and interesting.

A conscience in friendship. God has made us to live with others. We owe it to him that we live rightly; to others, not to make right living hard by our bad influence; and to ourselves that we exalt our natures by resisting bad examples, and being quick to respond to good examples.

SERIES III. **SCHOOL LIFE.** LESSON 3.

BY MRS. F. B. AMES.

READING.

"Give attendance to reading."—"Reading maketh a full man."

Brightening the mind. Learning lessons is, in itself, only *reading slowly, carefully, thoroughly,*—and during school-life children should not do much other reading, as there is danger of getting the brain too tired for study and of crowding the lessons out of the mind. At any rate, make the other reading a help, and not a hindrance, to your studies. For instance, to enlarge and brighten the subject of history, read the biography of its leading characters; to make geography more real, read books of travel in the country you are studying about. For rest and recreation you naturally read stories. But there is a choice in such reading.

Poison. Four kinds of story-books are hurtful.

1. Obscene books. Better have a fit of sickness than read what leaves the mind unclean. *Read no books of which you are ashamed to let your parents know.*

2. Books which make bad actions seem not very bad. If you find yourself reading a book which takes you into the company of thieves, murderers, counterfeiters,—don't wait to read to the end. *Stop at once; take your mind out of bad company,* and if you have the right to do so, destroy the book or paper. Many books which treat of horror and crime, even when they seem to condemn them, are bad. They pollute the imagination and make wickedness familiar.

3. Every story is bad which makes a hero of a boy who runs away from home; or of a boy who is conceited, tells lies, fights, and plays tricks upon his elders. Such a story *weakens the moral sense* and even the *common* sense.

4. Stories of improbable and exciting adventure often unsettle the mind and disgust it with common life.

Spice and Diet. There are very many good stories of adventure, fun and fancy which kindle the imagination and help to better ways of thinking and feeling. But these should be used as spice and not as steady diet. Biography, Poetry and History will soon give more and deeper enjoyment, if the mind is not frittered away by too much story-reading. Anybody can cultivate a taste for good reading—or for bad. Any wise friend will be glad to advise you in selecting books.

Great Books: It will be a life-long advantage to you to have read certain *great books,* as, the Iliad; Pilgrim's Progress; Plutarch's Lives; Paradise Lost; and especially the Bible. They affect us like travel and like the company of noble people; they lift us out of our narrower circle into world-wide experiences.—Some wise people say, "*Read only the best.*"

Do not flit from book to book. Such a habit enfeebles and confuses the mind. It is "mental dissipation." And do not spend hours of rest or of exercise in reading. The results of too much and too hasty reading are, (1) habits of inaccuracy; (2) loss of memory; (3) shallowness; (4) ill-health. *Read a few good books thoroughly.* Commit bright passages to memory; then they become your constant companions.

A conscience in reading. Reading, rightly used, is one means of self-improvement. Think how much this means: it means that *in books God offers us his help* towards wisdom and goodness: it means also that we may *enrich ourselves,* so as to have more to *give,* more knowledge and power to use for others.

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75 Madison Street.

Frances L. Roberts, Superintendent.

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BASIS OF FELLOWSHIP.

Whereas, We feel the great need of rallying the Liberal mind of the West around one common centre; therefore,

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference condition its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcome all thereto who desire to work with it in advancing the Kingdom of God. (Adopted at Chicago, May 14, 1875.)

The twenty-fifth session of the Western Unitarian Conference will convene at Cincinnati, Ohio, May 6—9. Sermons will be preached by Calvin Stebbins, of Detroit, and M. J. Savage, of Boston. Essays will be read by Messrs. Effinger, of Des Moines, Iowa; Cravens, of Toledo; F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland, Ohio. Reduced R. R. rates secured for delegates from Chicago and St. Louis. For further information inquire at this office or see further announcements.

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